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Robert Bell

From his father.

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LOCAL HISTORY NOTES

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A
COLLECTION
OF
LOCAL SONGS, POEMS,
&c. &c.

By William Oliver.

“ On my strain,
“ Perhaps, even now, some cold, fastidious Judge
“ Casts a disdainful eye.”

AIKENSIDE.

Newcastle :

PRINTED BY EDWARD WALKER,
PILGRIM STREET.

1829.

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TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL
ROBERT BELL, ESQUIRE,

MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE,

This little Volume

IS, BY PERMISSION,
MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
A SMALL BUT SINCERE TRIBUTE
TO HIS CHARACTER AS
AN IMPARTIAL HUMANE MAGISTRATE,

BY HIS OBLIGED SERVANT,

The Author.

853234

STATE OF NEW YORK

ROBERT WILLIAMS

1880

1880

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LOCAL SONGS,

&c.

NEWCASTLE WONDERS.

TUNE—THE BAROON.

Sic wonders there happens iv wor canny toun,
Se wise an' se witty Newcassel hez groun,
That for hummin, and hoaxin, an' teyking folk in,
We'll learn them at Lunnen a far better thing.

We've wonderful Knights, and wond'rous Hussars,
Wonderful Noodles, and wonderful Mayors ;
For as lang as a keel gans down river Tyne,
For wisdom an' valour, O A—y, thou'll shine.

We've R — rs and V — rs, a time-serving crew ;
But, says aw ti mysel, gie the Deevil his due,
For iv priests an' excisemen, an' limbs o' the law,
There's ten ti the dozen 'ill gan down below.

An' whe wad hae thowt now that iver awd Nick,
 Wiv wor canny toun wad hae gettin see thick ;
 That iv Luckley's awd house he's set up Hell's Kitchen,
 Where the tyeliers an' snobs find the yell se bewitching.

There's canny Tom Lid—l, they've meyd him a lord,
 For learnin his ploughmen to play wi' the sword ;
 But iv ony invaders should Britain assail,
 They'd slip off their skins an' run ti the plough tail.

We've a Captain of watchmen, he's second to neyn,
 He dislikes ti see folks gannin quietly heym ;
 For if ye but mention the neym o' Tom C—r,
 Ti the care of Jack S—tt he'll your body transfer.

THE ROYAL VISIT.

TUNE—X, Y, Z.

Irs ha' ye heard the joyful news ?
 Or ha' ye been at Shields, man ?
 Wor canny King to Scotland's gaen,
 Ti see the Highland chields, man ;
 He's gaen doun iv a braw steam boat,
 An' wiv him's taen maist aw greet folk,
 Wiv mony a canny ship and boat ;
 An' faith ti keep his bags afloat,
 They'll hev eneuf ti dee, man.

Now first of all comes Bobby H—l,
 The Tyne fleet's commodore, man,
 Wi sic a fleet, that till that seet,
 Shields niver seed before, man—
 For there was canny Cuckoo Jack,
 Wiv aw the coal boats at his back,
 An' sic a flight of sculler boats,
 Or ony thing that wad but float,
 An' keels wiv little oars, man.

An' while 'se crouse they row'd about,
 Some news cam fra the Nore, man,
 That set them helter skelter off
 Ti see the whale ashore, man ;
 An' when wor Mayor's fine barge com in,
 They thowt this shurely mun be him ;
 But by my faith 'twas ne such thing,
 'Twas neither flucker, whale, nor king,
 But just wor awn Lord Size, man.

Now let wor G——e gan where he will,
 He's sure to be a kin, man,
 For iv he gans ti see the Dutch,
 He turns quite fond o' gin, man :
 Fra France we scarce could get him back,
 Se fond was he of Coniac—
 An' then he had an Irish heart,
 But him an' it they seun mun part,
 For now he'll be a Scot, man.

Ye've heard how iv his royal yacht.
 He went to visit Pat, man,
 An' how se thick the cronies gat,
 That he tiv whiskey teuk, man ;
 But now that he to Scotland's gae
 Aw wish we had him safe at heym,

For fear that iv some drunken spree,
 Scotch Donald chance to meyk ower free,
 An' gie wor king the yuick, man.

If ever he should cum this way,
 Aw'll teyk my honest sweer, man,
 Aw ken as weel what G---- e will say,
 As if we had him here, man ;
 He'll crack iv aw wor pits and keels,
 An' say wor hur becomes us weel —
 Aye, an' sweer that Gin nor Coniac,
 Nor aw the choicest wines to back,
 Can bang Newcassel beer, man.

THE NEWCASTLE PROPS.

TUNE—THE BOLD DRAGOON.

OH, waes me, wor canny toun, it canna stand it lang—
 The props are tumblin one biv one, the beeldin seun mun
 gan ;
 For death o'late hez no been blate, but sent some jovial
 souls a joggin,
 Aw niver griev'd for Jacky Tate, nor even little Archy
 Loggin.

But when maw lugs was 'lectrified wiv Judy Downey's
 death,
 Alang wi' Heufy Scott aw cried, till baith was out of breeth ;
 For great an' sma', fish wives an' a', luik'd up tiv her with
 veneration—
 If Judy's in the courts above, then for Awd Nick ther' ll be
 ne casion.

Next Captain Starkey tuik his stick, and meyd his final
bow ;

Aw wonder if he's scribblin yet, or what he's after now,
Or if he's drinking 'gills o' yell, and axin pennies ti' buy
bakky —

If not allow'd where Starkey's gaen, am sure that he'll be
quite unhappy.

Jack Coxon iv a trot went off, one morning very seun---

Cull Billy said he'd better stop, but deeth cried, Jacky,
come !

Oh, few like him could lift their heels, or tell what halls
were in the county,

Like mony a proud black-coated chield, Jack liv'd upon the
parish bounty.

But cheer up, lads, an' dinna droop, Blind Willy's ti the
fore,

The blythest iv the motley groop, an' fairly worth the
score ;

O weel aw like ti hear him sing, 'bout young Sir Mat. an'
Doctor B———l--

If he but lives ti see the king, there's neyn o' Willy's friends
need grummel.

Cull Billy, tee, wor lugs ti bliss, wiv news 'bout t'other
ward,

Aw move that when wor V—r dees, the place for him be
ard ;

For aw really think, wiv half his wit, he'd meyk a reet good
pulpit-knocker—

Aw'll tell ye where the birth wad fit—he hugs see close the
parish copper.

When aw was but little, aw mind very weel,
 That Joe C—k was the friend o' the freemen—
 Aw mysel' heard him say, his professions to seal,
 He wad care very little to dee, man.
 Corporation corruptions he sair did expose,
 An' show'd plain whee was rook an' whee pigeon—
 While E——h, the cobbler, in fury arose,
 An' pummell'd Sir M——w's religion.

Some sly common-councilman happened to think
 That the patriots each had a pocket—
 So they sent Joe an order for wafers an' ink,
 An' the custom-house swallowed the prophet.
 Now if ever these worthies should happen to dee,
 An' Awd Nick scamper off wiv his booty,
 Just imagine yorsels what reformin' there'll be,
 If belaw there's nee printin' nor duty.

But there's honest folk yet now, so dinna be flaid,
 Though E——h and Joe hez deserted—
 For a chep they ea' Tunbelly's taen up the trade,
 An' bizzy he's been sin' he started :
 About town-surveyin' he's opened wor eyes,
 An' put T——y G—e into pickle—
 He's geen ti Jack Proctor a birth i' the skies,
 And immortal he's render'd Bob N——l.

Now, if ony refuse to the freemen their dues,
 They're far greater fules than aw thought them—
 Let R——y nee mair stand godfaither ti cows,
 Nor his cousin swear on—till he's bowt them.
 Niver mind what the cheps o' the council may say,
 He'll seun saddle obstropolous Billy—
 Nee mair he'll refuse for a way-leave to pay,
 For fear o' the ditch and Tunbelly.

The good that he's deun scarce a volume wad tell,
 But there's one thing that will be a wonder—
 If Tunbelly losses conceit iv his sel'
 Till his head the green sod be laid under.
 But we aw ha'e wor likens, what for should'nt Tim?
 An' aw'm shure he a mense to wor town is—
 So fill up your glasses once mair to the brim,
 An' drink ti the Newcassel JUNIUS.

TOMMY C—R IN LIMBO.

TUNE—SCOTS WHA HAE.

YE that like a lark or spree!
 Ye that's iv the Kitty free!
 Now's the time for mirth an' glee,
 For Tommy is up stairs.
 Ye that niver yet were wrang—
 Ne'er did warse than sing a sang,
 Ye that often had to gan
 And visit Mr Mayor.

Now then let yor joys abound —
 Now begin yor neetly rounds,
 An' meyk the streets wi mirth resound,
 Since Tommy is up stairs.
 Whe before Judge B—y stood,
 For sending W—n into quod?
 Whe wad grace a *frame of wood*?
 But honest Tommy C—r.

And when fou, wi' cronies dear,
 Ye'd sally out ti Filly Fair,
 Whe was shure ti meet ye there,
 But honest Tommy C—r?
 Wiv his beaver round and low,
 Little switch, and thick surtou,
 Like Satan prowling to and fro,
 Seeking ti devour.

Whe was shure yor sport to mar,
 And send ye off to Cabbage Square?
 Whe was judge and jury there,
 But honest Tommy C—r?
 Whe wad niver teyk yor word?
 An' if ti walk ye'd not afford,
 Whe wad strap ye on a board,
 But honest Tommy C—r?

THE NEWCASTLE HACKNIES.

—
 TUNE—GEE HO, DOBBIN.
 —

The Londoners long for example we've chose,
 And imported each fashion as fast as it 'rose;
 But the best hit of all in our awkward approaches,
 Is St. Nicholas' Square, and the new hackney coaches.

The ladies have long had advantage of man,
 In that easy conveyance—a walking sedan;
 Now the tables are turn'd on the opposite side,
 For the ladies must walk, while the gentlemen ride.

When our beaux are dress'd out for a route or a ball,
 They've nothing to do but a hackney to call—
 Consult not the weather, nor muffle their chins—
 No danger of breaking, o'er scrapers, their shins.

When a couple's resolved on a trip to the church,
 Where the lady has sometimes been left in the lurch :
 To prevent a misfortune like this for the future,
 Pack up in a hackney your amiable suitor.

When impertinent tradesmen you're likely to meet,
 Or a bailiff descry at the end of the street,
 Press into your service a hackney and pair—
 For the devil himself would not look for you there.

To many things else they'll apply I've a notion—
 They'll even be found to assist your devotion ;
 The doctors will find them most useful, no doubt on't,
 In peopling the world, or to send people out o'nt.

Then success to the hacknies, and long may they roll—
 Of balls and assemblies the life and the soul ;
 Since so useful they are, and so cheap is the fare,
 Pray who would not ride in a carriage and pair?

THE BONASSUS.

TUNE—JEMMY JOHNSON'S WHURRY.

LET Wombwell, James, an' aw the pack
 Iv yelpin' curs, beef-eaters,
 Ne mair about Bonassus crack,
 Them queer outlandish creaturs :

Be dumb, ye leeing yammerin hounds,
 Nor wi' yor clavers fash us,
 For seun aw'll prove wor canny toun
 Can boast its awn Bonassus.

It chanc'd, when honest B—l was mayor,
 An' gat each poor man's blessin—
 When cheps like G—e an' T—y C—r,
 Gat mony a gratis lesson ;
 Then B—l refus'd to stand ageyn,
 Tir'd iv the sitiuation,
 An' ne awd wife wad teyk the chain
 Iv aw wor corporation.

The folk iv Shields hez lang begrudg'd
 The custom-house beside us ;
 This was the time they reetly judg'd,
 Ti come see fine langside us :
 They had a chep, W——t was his neym,
 Ti poor folk rather scurvy,
 They sent him up wor heads to keym,
 An' turn us topsy-turvy.

He seun began ti show his horns,
 An' treat the poor like vassals—
 He sent the apple-wives to mourn,
 A month iv wor awd cassell ;
 The *timber-merchants* will ne mair
 Wiv ten-a-penny deave us—
 They swear iv W——t's ti be wor mayor,
 That i' the dark they'll leave us.

The drapers next he gov a gleece,
 'Bout their unruly samples—
 Bound ower the clouts to keep the peace,
 Wiv strings to the door stanchells.

The tatee market iv a tift—
 (Ye heuxters aw resent it,
 My certies ! but that was a shift)—
 Ti the Parade Ground sent it.

Ye gowks, fra' Shields ye've oft slipt up,
 When ye had little 'casion,
 Ti' see wor snobs their capers cut,
 Or Geordy's coronation ;
 Now altogether come yence mair,
 Wor blessins shall attend ye,
 If ye'll but rid us i' wor mayor,
 Iv hacknies back we'll send ye.

THE BOUNDARIES OF GATESHEAD.

TUNE—CANNY NEWCASSEL.

Wor bards may rhyme on till the day i' their deeth,
 'Bout the crownin iv kings or shoemakers,
 An' them that are loyal may waste aw their breeth
 In the praise iv wor king an' his capers ;
 But awm shure ye'll agree now, before it be lang,
 That sic subjects are threedbare an' wretched,
 When compared wi' the burden an' theme i' my sang—
 The ridin the boundrys iv Geysthead.

The muster was meyd at wor end o' the brig,
 Bi' the Rect—r an' his four an' twenty,
 Just out iv a band-box they aw luik'd se trig,
 An' baith horsemen an' foot there was plenty ;
 On wor Rect—r's left wing hung a limb i' the law,
 Just upon the luik-out for a brief, man,
 Twe bagpipes, the canniest iver aw saw,
 And Sir Robert commander-in-chief, man.

Says the knight to the pipers, " Before ye begin,
 " See that chanters and drones are in order,
 " And when wi' wor cheerin the awd brig shall ring,
 " Play ' the Scots comin ower the border.' "

When round the blue steyn they had marched yen an' all,
 Awl ashure ye it meyd me aw shiver,
 Ti' see the twe constables turn ower the wall
 Down a lether, slap into the river.

But Sir Robert, like other commanders as greet,
 Thowt that valour's best part was discretion,
 So he led the procession through Pipergate street,
 In ne danger but fra' suffocation.
 An attorney that wanted ti gie them the lead,
 'Twas a mercy he wassent much higher,
 For his powney a crotchet tuik intiv his head,
 And he quickly nonsuited the lawyer.

'Mang the bucks that aw seed wi' twe legs upon four,
 Was a stiff porky chep fra the customs,
 He twice rode his naig tiv a hedge an' luik'd ower,
 But considered at last not ti' trust him ;
 Though in lowping a dyke now, he may not excel,
 Yet for jigging he ne'er shall knock under—
 When he led off the dance at the Stars on the Fell,
 Wey he shuffled and cut tiv a wonder.

At the Black Bull arrived, wi' their appetites keen,
 For their dinners they meyd sic a racket,
 Ye wad swore they were half-starved at heym, if ye'd seen
 How each tucked the beef under his jacket.
 Then the healths they went round, here's yor's, ye'll
 drink mine,
 And wi' blarney each other they lathered ;
 They were up on their legs twe an' three at a time,
 An' meyd spokes Billy Pitt might ha' fathered.

If ony had chanc'd ti' fall sick by the way,
 There was twe or three doctors ti' cure them :
 The Boatswain was there te, as aw heard them say,
 If they met ony rogues ti' secure them.
 But aw think its high time, now, ti' finish my rhyme,
 So awl wind up without ony flourish—
 Here's success ti' the lads an' the trade o' the Tyne,
 In particklar wor awn canny parish.

THE NEWCASTLE MILLERS.

TUNE—THE BOLD DRAGOON.

Now hail thou pride iv aw the Tyne, my glorious native
 toun,
 As lang as aw can come ti' time, thy neym shall ne'er gan
 doun ;
 Fame hez been lang, wi' glorious moves, the pages i' thy
 his'try filling,
 But now she sports her boxing gloves, an' nowt gans
 down but rings an' milling.

The fancy lads that thou can boast, wad teyk an hour ti'
tell,

Let Cockneys talk of Moulsey Hurst, we'll crack iv Barlow
Fell.

Jim B—n hez up ti' Lunnin gaen, ti' shew them how ti'
hit an' parry ;

But still we've bits iv blood at heym, that for a crown wad box
Awd Harry.

The great turn-up we've had between Jim W——e an' Tom
D——n,

Some wished that day they'd niver seen, an' that boxers
aw were hung ;

The butcher lads had all ti' pay, some pawn'd their watches,
some their horses,

An' aw the Tuesday neet, they say, that Morpeth turnpike
rung wi' curses.

The 'prentice lads that stole away ti' see the champions
peel,

They'll mind o' that, for mony a day they walked upon a
wheel :

Their half hour time they learn'd ti' keep, a sitiuation
rather trying,

Just like the chep iv Collingwood Street, that's hugging tiv
his nose a Lion.

Let men iv science bounce and swell, gie me the glass ti'
swing,

A nice snug room for Barlow Fell, filled wiv a jovial ring,
Then them that will may teyk their bangs, the science that
aw most delight in

Is drinking yell an' hearing sangs, let D—n an' W——e
teyk the fighting.

THE BALLOON.

On Mr Green's Ascent from Newcastle in 1825.

TUNE—THE BABOON.

IF wor ancestors now could luik out iv their graves,
 And hear each new theme iv wor wonderful staves,
 They wad bliss their kind stars an' lie quietly down,
 Quite certain the reign iv awd Nick was begun.

Rejoiced that they leeved iv sic kirk-gannin times,
 When inventions like wors wad ha' been deadly crimes—
 When awd wives wi huik noses an' humps ti their backs,
 Were sure ti be burnt if they kept but black cats.

Ti see now how every thing travels by steam,
 Ti them nowt but witchcraft an' black airt wad seem ;
 And the gas, wey at once they wad set down that it
 Was supplied biv wor friends fra the bottomless pit.

Wor cast iron an' fine new suspended chain brigs,
 Wor canals, an' wor railways, wad bother their wigs—
 And what wad they need their amazement ti crown,
 But just Mr Green wiv his car and balloon.

Aw just think aw see them now rubbing their eyes,
 Getting on ti their hunkers preparing ti rise,
 Quite sure that the warld was beginnin ti end,
 If on May the eleventh they'd seen him ascend.

But though these ballooners can get up ayont,
 An' can leeve in the air, yet they canna leeve on't,
 So about a keel load iv his ballast he threw,
 And above Cabbage Hall he cam fair into view.

Then off we aw set, at a deuce iv a rate,
 Through the fields, an' by Fenham, slap ti the Cow-gate,
 When we heard he was gyen down ti see Mr B—ll,
 So we sat down contented to swattel some yell.

BUCKS! HAVE AT YE ALL!

TUNE—GEE HO, DOBBIN.

Maw hand at a stave awm quite willing ti try,
 An' aw might just obsarve on the times that's gyen by ;
 But aw think ti speak ill o' the dead is not fair,
 So we'll just hev a slap at the times as they are.

Wor grandsires without either houses or lands,
 Wore brave lucky linen wiv fine ruffled hands ;
 But their sons were se savin, se cunnin, an' tricky,
 That they turned off the sark an' tuik up wiv a dicky.

Some yards of good linen, sarks used ti display—
 How much they tyek now it might puzzle ti say ;
 Though aw dinna pretend ti be much iv a scholar,
 Aw imagine its just what's eneuf for a collar.

Now without ever stripping, wor dandies are drest
 Wiv a bit round the chops, and a bit round each wrist :
 These last they caw weepers—a reet proper nyem—
 They may weep for the canny sark body that's gyen.

A neckcloth was once thowt ti be of some use,
 An' wor dads in their white ones luik'd wonderful crouse,
 But the sark an' the neckcloth hev hopt off together,
 And left nowt behint, but starch, whalebone, an' leather.

The White-Boys iv Ireland once myed a great noise,
 But gie me wor peaceable English White-Boys ;
 Fra' the peer to the 'prentice, fra' garret ti hall,
 There's nowt now gans down but a white over-all.

Some fine, an' some just like a blanket cut down,
 Wiv bonny purl buttons the size iv a crown,
 Wiv two pockets ti put yur paws out iv the way,
 In an attitude copied fra' greet Madgey Gr—y.

Since fashion an' folly mun still rule the roast,
 Aw'l gie ye a fashion aw like, that's a toast ;
 An' he that refuses ti drink is a ninny—
 "May we ne'er want a neckcloth, clean sark, and a guinea."

THE LAMENT.

TUNE—THE BOLD DRAGON.

A BARD hez said, that "dowley thowts are mair wor friends
 than foes;"
 As friends are rather scarce, ye ken, aw've brought a mourn-
 ful dose :—
 Death rammels on through lane and square, an' wiv his dart
 baith wives an' men pricks—
 Od bliss him ! wad he only spare wor canny toun her great
 eccentricks.

Bet Watt an' Soulger Mally's gyen. Yence mair his dart
 he threw,
 An' slew the bonniest, an' the last—the maid they called
 Balloo :
 Ti hear her swear how oft aw've staid, an' gazed upon her
 linsey winsey—
 But Jenny's cracks are now aw laid about her brother,
 great Lord Linsay.

Mysell aw seun began ti hug when Crummy was laid law,
 Aw thowt the yell wad be a drug 'twas certain shure ti fa' ;
 Ti see him drink, that was a treat, his thropple seemed a
 hogshead funnel :
 An' now that Crummy's lost his feet, it serves, aw fancy, for
 a tunnel.

A story yence myed Sandgate ring, the Keyside aw luik
 blue—
 'Twas then a hoax, or some sic thing, but now it's come
 ower true ;
 Oh, had it been a duke or lord, aw wonder whe wad cared a
 scuddick ;—
 Bold Archy's popped at last ower-board, slipt without bait
 intiv his huddick.

His cradle was the keel deck, where Britannia seeks her tars—
 She quickly spied the hero there, an' called him ti the wars ;
 He thump'd the Spanish dons, 'twas said, till they roared
 out for peace like ninnies,
 For yence, at least, was Archy paid his good shag hat
 chock full iv guineas.

Men are se dwiney now-a-days, that honest Archy cam
 Ti gi' the warld, as Shakspeare says, assurance iv a man ;
 Ti see him comin' up the key, se independent, stiff, an'
 starchy—
 His like agyen we'll ne'er see—peace ti the byens iv poor
 Bold Archy !

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

ADDRESS

To the Newcastle Polemic Society.

YE friends to science—votaries of truth—
 Who seek with wisdom to enrich your youth,
 Pursue the path, nor loiter in the way,
 The prize is rich, and will your toil repay.
 The best employment that a youth can find,
 Is cultivation of the human mind :
 Such sterling pleasures from its sources flow,
 As gild adversity or soften woe.
 Unblest with these, the wealthiest are but poor,
 And sounding titles, baubles of an hour ;
 These mental pleasures dignify the whole,
 And stamp the true nobility of the soul.
 Oft has my bosom beat with pride elate,
 To think that we, when seated for debate—
 Rang'd like opposing powers on either side—
 The fame of kings and kingdoms we decide :
 Or like the eagle, who, in sportive play,
 Descends to earth, and seeks for meaner prey :
 So we, to unbend the mind, prepare to scan,
 And stoop to regulate the affairs of man—
 Arraign each passion of the human soul,
 Affix their strength, and limit their control ;
 Adjudge the palm of virtue where 'tis due,
 And paint each darling vice in Stygian hue.
 But thou, though last, not least in my esteem,
 Dear RECITATION, with thy varied theme—

While some may slight, yet thee I will pursue,
 As Roman Ovid, great transformer thou!
 Whose votaries in such ever-varying lays,
 Torture each poet since old Chaucer's days;
 Turn o'er the records of old Greece or Rome,
 And call the wise—the mighty from the tomb;
 Embody all the heroes Shakspeare drew,
 From god-like Brutus, to the fawning Jew,
 And true to the impulse which our Maker gave,
 We laud the patriot, and we scorn the slave.
 But now, my muse, descend and bid adieu
 To this most honour'd, most respected few—
 If Heaven should bless thee with a brighter ray,
 Thou wilt invoke them in a nobler lay.

ON THE DEATH OF MR THOS. HANDYSIDE,

WHO LOST HIS LIFE IN THE NEWCASTLE THEATRE, WHILE ATTEMPTING
 TO ESCAPE IN CONSEQUENCE OF AN ALARM OF FIRE.

Addressed to the Newcastle Polemic Society, of which he was a Member.

AND is he gone?—that friend we lov'd to hear,
 Whose voice still lingers on each aching ear—
 Will he no more in praise of virtue speak?
 Alas! no more;—he sleeps the dreamless sleep.
 So young in years, affectionate, and mild,
 Nature's own simple, unassuming child;
 In him the cause of truth has lost a friend—
 Most honour'd when he could that cause defend.
 Alike unskill'd to wound with slander's tongue,
 To flatter vice, or gild the specious wrong;

He own'd no passion of a darker hue,
 Than filial duty, and a love for you :
 To him might Goldsmith's line be well applied—
 "That e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side."
 Our loss severe, and we most deeply feel,
 His worth, his merit, and unwearied zeal.
 But who shall tell of all a mother's woe,
 Or the deep sorrows of a father know !
 The staff is gone, for ever laid to rest,
 On which their age reclined, and made them blest.
 Oh ! may that God who dries the widow's tear,
 And makes the orphan his peculiar care,
 Ne'er let them feel that they have lost a son,
 But make them cheerful say—"Thy will be done."
 Let no unfeeling moralist assume
 The place of judge, and dare to fix his doom,
 Unless to him the power supreme be given
 To read the dark mysterious will of Heaven—
 To know the purpose of the Almighty's rod,
 Or bar between a theatre and God.

TO THE MEMORY OF RIEGO,

THE SPANISH PATRIOT.

WHAT deep tone of anguish is this that we hear?
 It sounds like the wail that is over a bier :
 'Tis the Genius of Freedom—she weeps for the dead—
 For the cause that is lost, and the blood that is shed :
 She mourns for the hero who, true to her laws,
 Led forth the bold freemen of Spain in her cause :
 But the die is now cast, the fell struggle is o'er—
 And Riego, the noble, the brave, is no more !

How cold is that heart—it will ne'er throb again—
 That once beat so high for the freedom of Spain !
 How nerveless that arm which so often did wave,
 Where the battle was fiercest, his country to save !
 That orb is now rayless, once beaming with fire ;
 And silent that tongue, which did valour inspire—
 The tyrant's ascendant—his hour is not yet,
 And the star of the hero and freedom has set.
 Yet think not the breast of Riego would swell
 At the sight of his chains, or the sound of his knell ;—
 But think how the heart of the hero was moved,
 As he thought on the fate of the country he loved :
 This—this was the pang, after all he had brav'd,
 Thus to perish inglorious—his country enslav'd.
 But 'tis not on down the base tyrant shall sleep—
 On a pillow of thorns he his vigils shall keep ;
 His memory abhor'd—while cherished will be
 The name of the brave in the land of the free.

ENGLAND, AWAKE !

ENGLAND, awake from thy lethargic slumber !
 Speak, and the sceptred—the crown'd shall attend ;
 Once more let the Lion of England in thunder
 Arise, and the fetters of tyranny rend.

The toils of the despots are drawing around thee,
 They envy thy freedom, the germ of thy life ;
 Then shake off the serpents who cling but to wound thee
 And stand, as aforesaid, alone in the strife.

Think on the fame of thy heroes at rest—
 Think how they gloried for England to bleed—
 And fear not the children will shrink from the test,
 Whose fathers were victors on fam'd Runnymede.

Tell the ambitious, the proud Alexander,
 Contented to rule o'er his nation of slaves,
 Ne'er let his hordes to fair Albion wander—
 Ne'er let him hope to be lord of the waves.

Say to the Bourbon—the false-hearted leman—
 Is this the return for thy sceptre and throne?
 Was a nation enslaved a fit offering to freemen,
 Who fed thee and cloth'd thee when exiled and lone?

Was it for thee that the dark eagle, soaring,
 Lay hurl'd from his seat on the pinions of fame?
 For thee are my daughters their kindred deploring—
 The tyrant of France, the enslaver of Spain.

Land of my fathers! thy glories were shrouded,
 When the vulture was loos'd, and the patriot fell—
 When the bright prospects of freedom were clouded,
 And thou didst not hasten the cloud to dispel.

Awake, then, my country! too long thou hast slumber'd—
 The nations are waiting the signal from thee—
 Proclaim the dark moments of tyranny number'd,
 And England the shield and the home of the free.

THE PENITENT.

SWEET charity, to all our better thoughts endear'd,
 Amid the splendid structures thou hast rear'd
 To smooth the passage down life's thorny hill,
 And meet the pressure of each human ill ;
 In vain the pitying eye looks round to see
 A home to which the Penitent might flee—
 Where the poor victim of thy arts, O man,
 Might hide her mis'ries from the public scan—
 Where she, who once was innocent and pure,
 Would fain the penance of her crime endure—
 Would gladly toil to earn her honest bread,
 And quit the path thou taught her first to tread.
 Had I the moving pathos of a Rowe,
 I would unfold ye such a tale of woe—
 Tell how the mother spurn'd her erring child—
 The father's curses made the culprit wild ;
 They who alone could healing balm impart,
 Tear ope' the wound with more than savage art—
 Preach to the world their own, their offspring's shame,
 Nor seek the once-lov'd wanderer to reclaim.
 Thus from her home, without a pilot, driven—
 Without a guardian, save all-pitying heaven ;
 In vain for shelter does the wretch implore,
 Vows to be virtuous, and to sin no more ;
 In vain for mercy does the suppliant plead—
 Mortals refuse what they so deeply need ;—
 What then is left ? No refuge but the grave—
 Or worse, become her peace destroyer's slave.
 To you, ye generous fair, would I appeal,
 In such a cause you cannot chuse but feel—
 Ye, who have trod unscath'd the paths of youth,
 Upheld by virtue, purity, and truth—

Who claim the proudest precedence in life,
 The virtuous maiden, or the honour'd wife—
 Think on the outcast, desolate and lone,
 And plead her cause—she cannot plead her own.
 'Tis sweet the good from poverty to raise,
 Or give to honest worth its meed of praise ;
 But sweeter far to raise the mourner's head,
 Or back the Penitent to virtue lead—
 To shed on wretchedness a cheering ray,
 And rob sharp misery of half its prey—
 To pour on woe a radiant gleam of joy,
 It is a task an angel might employ.
 Oh! let some bright one, in a mortal guise,
 Speak but the word, the adamant will rise
 To shield the unfortunate—the lost reclaim,
 And thousands snatch from infamy and shame.

TO THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTION

OF

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

HAIL! Temple of Science, break forth in thy splendour,
 And scatter around thee a halo of light—
 Strike off the fetters of Genius, and lend her
 The pinions of Learning to aid in her flight.

Arise in thy strength, and the bright aspect wearing,
 Enlighten the sons of Industry and Toil ;
 Thy gems from the grasp of rude Ignorance tearing,
 And thine be the victory, thine be the spoil.

Illumine the mind of the genius, who, friendless,
 And struggling with poverty, kneels at thy shrine,
 Enrich from thy treasures, so varied, so endless,
 Though Fortune disowns him, adopt him as thine.

Oh! say, can the 'vantage of fortune or birth,
 Can heraldry's pomp, or the pageant's glare,
 Can the proudest of titles, unhallowed by worth,
 With the name of a Watt, or a Bewick compare?

How vain are the efforts of marble and sculpture
 O'er the tombs of the worthless a radiance to shed;
 The blazon'd escutcheon, the gorgeous sepulchre,
 Are vain, for how soon is their memory dead!

But the genius departed, his country shall mourn,
 While Hist'ry enrols in her annals his name,
 His brow with a wreath shall fair Science adorn,
 And appoint him a niche in the Temple of Fame.

FORGET ME NOT.

AMID each varied changing scene
 Of life's uncertain chequered lot—
 Though mountains rise, seas roll between,
 Friend of my youth, forget me not.

When severed from thy much-loved home,
 Through length of space and lapse of time,
 In bustling crowds, or desert lone,
 Where'er the land, whate'er the clime,
 Forget me not.

If prosperous o'er the sea of life
 Thy buoyant bark glides gaily on—
 The wind and wave no more at strife—
 When every threat'ning cloud is gone,
 Forget me not.

When pleasure, with her witching wand,
 Lures to the bacchanalian shrine—
 When beauty and thy native land
 Are deeply pledged in ruby wine,
 Forget me not.

While basking in paternal smiles,
 Or tasting pure connubial joys,
 The object of endearing wiles,
 Pleasures no repetition cloy,
 Forget me not.

Whate'er thy fate—in peace and health,
 Or laid beneath the chastening rod,
 In poverty, in boundless wealth,
 Or at the altar of thy God,
 Forget me not.

THE BOSOM FRIEND.

PURE friendship is the brightest beam
 That mortal vision ever saw;
 Love is a feverish fitful dream,
 A tyrant still, bound by no law;
 Friendship a calm and peaceful lake
 Unruffled 'mid the storms of fate.

Should wayward fortune frown on thee,
 And throw thy fairest structures down—
 Should all thy prospects blighted be,
 And misery mark thee for her own—
 'Tis then, when in thy deepest need,
 This friend will prove a friend indeed.

It is when slander's venom'd tongue
 Shall dare to sully thy good name ;
 When the busy meddling throng
 Would rob thee of thy honest fame ;
 'Tis then his worth is felt and known—
 He nobly makes thy cause his own.

It is when in the battle field,
 The focman's sabre gleams on high,
 The choice is thine to die or yield—
 Thou dreadst to yield, but not to die—
 'Tis then, that rushing on the foe,
 His arm receives the impending blow.

It is in dark affliction's hour,
 When all thy visions bright are fled,
 When friends desert, and foes have power—
 Even hope itself to thee seems dead—
 'Tis then the friend thy heart hath chosen
 Will draw thee closer to his bosom.

It is when age, with chilling hand,
 Leaves thee a prey to want and care,
 Shunned by the fickle, sordid band,
 Who knew thee when thou hadst to spare,
 'Tis then, when by the world forsaken,
 Thy bosom friend remains unshaken.

SMILES AND TEARS.

THERE is a smile the heart can cheer
 When hope is nearly fled—
There is a smile, to memory dear,
 When they who smiled are dead.

There is a smile which fosters hope,
 And bids new transports rise—
A smile that dares with anger cope—
 A smile that rage defies.

There is a smile that's seen to play
 Around the dying bed,
Which leaves its impress on the clay
 When the pure spirit's fled.

There is a smile approving Heaven
 On mortals will bestow,
If but a tear be freely given
 To fellow mortals' woe.

There is a tear, a pearly drop,
 When shed by those we love,
That can the tide of sorrow stop,
 And half our griefs remove.

There is a tear, resistless charm,
 In suppliant beauty's eye,
The rudest savage might disarm,
 And bring soft pity nigh.

There is a melting drop which springs
 In a fond mother's eye;
And one, which, borne on seraph wings,
 Shall bear record on high.

There is a bright, soul-cleansing tear,
 Wrung from the guilty breast,
 A sacred drop to Heaven most dear,
 Worth all the golden east.

THE WEARY SILLER.

SHE was just a wee lassie the tither day,
 An' the rose on her cheek was in bloom,
 Her e'en were as bright an' as black as the slae—
 For sorrow her heart had nae room.

The lav'rock that carols his wild wood sang,
 Was nae blither nor fouer o' glee—
 The streamlet that wanders the vale along,
 Was nae purer, nae sweeter than she.

Her heart was then free frae the canker o' care,
 An' her een yet undimm'd by a tear,
 Save ane that wad spring to thae founts, an' declare
 She could feel for those sorrow cam near.

Now the lily has chased fra her cheek the red rose,
 An' her bosom oft heaves wi' a sigh—
 Her een, ance sae sparkling, now languid, disclose
 That her halcyon days are gane by.

For she loved—an' how fervent the passion it glow'd—
 She had beauty an' worth for her dower—
 But her wooer was ta'en wi' a tocher o' gowd—
 He left Mary because she was poor.

Then thy roses reca', hush thy bosom o' snaw,
 For that heart was ne'er worthy o' thine—
 That for siller could thraw sic a treasure awa',
 An' leave thee, forsaken, to pine.

JOY IN HEAVEN.

HARK! my soul, what sounds are these,
 Rising on my ravished ears,
 Sweet as Arabia's scented breeze,
 Soft as the music of the spheres!

Nearer yet, and nearer stealing—
 Now they strike the golden lyre!
 Hark! from Heaven the anthem, pealing,
 Speaks it from an angel choir.

What new source of joy has risen
 'Mid the radiant, glorious throng,
 That the vast concave of Heaven
 Echoes with a louder song?

See, before the throne appearing,
 Mercy's minister on earth,
 In his hand a phial bearing,
 With a gem of priceless worth.

Whence hast thou that jewel torn,
 Say, from east or western clime;
 Did it e'er a crown adorn—
 Is it from Golconda's mine?

" It is," the angel form replied,
 " Too costly for a monarch's wear—
 " Not all of wealth, or eastern pride,
 " Can boast a gem so rich so rare !

 " See yon rebel, stricken, bleeding !
 " Once he owned no homage here—
 " Now he kneels, for mercy pleading,
 " This his pledge of faith, *a tear !*"

Again the blessed mansions ring,
 Saints and angels join the theme
 To Heaven's august, eternal King,
 Whose mercy flows a constant stream !

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY, sweet but fading flower,
 Springing, withering in an hour—
 Thou, whose fascinating wile
 Lives in dimple, curve, or smile,
 In a face, the heart inditing—
 Coral lips, the kiss inviting—
 Curls luxuriantly descending—
 Lilies with the roses blending :
 In a nameless grace and air,
 Void of which, no form is fair ;
 Through a mild or piercing eye,
 Young Love's bright artillery,
 To virtue oft a deadly foe—
 Source of envy, love, and woe—

Cause of many a scalding tear,
 Broken heart, and jealous fear ;
 Ideal formed in every mind,
 All understood, yet undefined :
 Its power and praises have been sung
 Through every land in every tongue—
 Each bard, in each succeeding age,
 Has blazoned o'er his glowing page :
 Possessing every power to charm,
 It oft hath nerved the warrior's arm—
 Sent him, to guard his native heath,
 And seek for his brows a laurel wreath,
 Where the foes of his home and country stood
 Hurling defiance on field or flood ;
 In that cause he'd brave the foaming billow,
 Or cheerful clasp his gory pillow.
 It came with our mother through Eden's bloom,
 And its power will be felt till the day of doom.

THE NEGRO SLAVE.

WHEN was permission to mortals given,
 By the Author of Nature, the Ruler of Heaven,
 That a worm of the earth, the prey of the grave,
 Should tread on his poor fellow-worm as a slave ?

What curse does there hang o'er the African's clime—
 Is the hue of his skin or his language a crime,
 That impious man his Creator should brave,
 And hang on His image the chains of a slave ?

They sweep to the shore, like the pestilent breath
 Of the sirocco's blast, or the angel of death—
 The victims are bound—the poor orphan may rave,
 And point to his sire in his dark living grave.

They hear, but they heed not, his cry of despair,
 Nor the yearnings of nature that ring in the air—
 They have borne him away o'er the trackless wave,
 To the land of the stranger, in fetters, a slave.

See, from the huts, whence the wild shriek is sounding,
 In the madness of grief a dark form is seen bounding,
 Her eyes to the heavens, her foot in the wave—
 How bitterly cursed are the fiends that enslave!

Ye merchants in blood, fair humanity's stain,
 The bosom, though dark, can feel pleasure and pain,
 Beat as fervent in love, in the fight be as brave,
 As the steel-hearted tyrants who made him a slave.

From what desolate shore do these savages come—
 Have they left no kindred, no country, no home—
 That they rend every tie which affection would crave—
 Come they not from the land of the Moslem and slave?

No, they are Christians who barter their fellows for dross!
 Their forefathers bled in defence of the cross!
 That their sons might be free as the wild-bounding wave,
 They died on the battle-field freedom to save.

They call on His name, in the hour of their danger,
 Who left the bright realms, and was laid in a manger—
 Who came to loose fetters—to ransom the slave—
 Who died to redeem, from death, sin, and the grave.

THE DUELLIST.

THE Duellist!—an honourable man?—
 Vile misnomer—counterfeit of precious coin—
 A specious name for murderer. Oh, man,
 Inventive being, fruitful in schemes of misery
 And death, look but on the regal blood-hounds
 Of the earth—those ermined vultures—do they
 Not glut the tomb enough with reeking victims,
 Without thou singly playing the assassin,—
 Striking through the ties of country, —leaving
 Thine own beloved hearth desolate and drear?
 When will this Moloch cease to fill the world
 With widows and with piteous orphans?
 See the blooming bride, fresh from the altar,
 The sacred vow scarce parted from her lips;
 His plighted troth yet thrilling to her heart—
 The recompence of deep long-tried affection;
 By one rash word, her fair and glowing cheek
 Is blanched—her bright eye's dimmed—her gentle heart
 And blissful hopes are withered,—and she lies,
 Like a fair tree uprooted by the storm.

Or look, again, on yon woe-stricken group—
 The mother weeping o'er the fatherless
 Nature has budded, blossom'd, and brought forth,
 And all to render the blow more dreadful,
 The ruin more complete.

See the last of a long line of ancestry
 Cut off ignobly in some tavern brawl;
 The rays of genius, bursting into light,
 Are quenched; the martial soul that might have stood
 His country's buckler in the deadly breach;
 The towering spirit that ere long had awed
 The opposing nations from the senate;
 The eye that might have scanned the heav'ns with
 Newton;—

All, the great, the wise, the rich, and noble
 Bow to this idol — *honour!* Pity such laws
 Meet such observance; but, once offended,
 They must have human blood, though it should be
 The innocent. What mockery of justice!
 The criminal alone should stand in jeopardy;
 Here both are equal, and should the villain's
 Arm and nerve prove stronger, his aim more sure,
 He murders to atone.

———— Shame on humanity
 To shelter such a being; he should be cast
 From society, shut out from social converse,
 Doomed to wander through a frowning world,
 All nature shrinking from his polluted touch;
 His path a waste; and his conscience sleepless;
 Accursed and branded like another Cain.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF ALEX. DUNCAN,

Who died Feb. 12th, 1825, aged 24 Years, much regretted.

FARE thee well—a long farewell,
 Thy friends and kindred bid thee now,
 As on each heart thy passing bell
 Sounds heavily, and clouds each brow.

Thou sleepest now, and what shall make thee
 Break thy slumber so profound?
 A thousand thunders will not wake thee,
 Till the judgment trump shall sound.

What, though plagues and death surround thee,
 Resting on thy clay cold bed,
 Misfortune, malice—nought can wound thee,
 Nor give thee an aching head.

No more shall thy fond parent's anguish—
 Tears which oft her cheek would stain,
 Grieved to see thee pine and languish—
 That no more shall give thee pain.

All of life, of joy, or sorrow,
 Love, heart-cheering friendship too—
 The passing day, the coming morrow,
 Fail to interest thee now.

Companions of thy joyous hours,
 The chosen one—the faithful few,
 To mourn departed worth is ours—
 Thy tuneful voice is tuneless now.

Thy mother, brother, sister too—
 Oh, may the High and Lofty One,
 Mighty to save, in promise true,
 Be to them brother, Saviour, son.

ON THE DEATH OF

C. J. BRANDLING, ESQ., M. P.

OH, thou insatiate monster of the tomb—
 Dread harbinger of woe—unerring archer—
 To thee the prince and peasant are alike
 In value ; thou lov'st to cross our pathway

In numerous varied shapes, yet all secure
 To execute thy mission ; thy arrow
 Grazes, in a manner, some so slightly,
 'Tis scarce perceptible—a skin-deep wound,
 Which drains off life through years of suffering.
 Anon, 'tis hurl'd with such a giant force,
 As frees at once the spirit from its confine
 Through the gaping wound ; and then how reckless
 Is thy aim ! A slight blow from thee hath made
 A nation reel !—another, and thy victim
 Flies from the altar to the throne of God !
 A third, and thou hast quench'd as bright a spark
 As e'er left clay inanimate !

Thou hast committed worse than sacrilege,—
 Thou hast robbed the poor ! Could no other mark
 Be found for thy fell malice ? Was there no
 Heartless prodigal, or miser, whom to snatch
 Their kindred would have doubly blest thee ?
 No care-worn wretch, whose arms had long been stretched
 To meet thy cold embrace ?—No specious villain,
 Of whom to rid the world had been a virtue ?
 No sceptred tyrant—no royal imbecile—
 That thou must strike at once so much of worth
 And virtue—so true nobility ?

Oh, what a blank is left in that bright circle
 He so late adorned. Many a cottage hearth
 His bounty warmed, is cheerless, chilly now !
 For he is gone—the poor man's ready friend,
 The orphan's father, and the widow's stay ;
 The prop of age, the best of masters, sleeps
 Now in the tomb ! But words are idle all,
 And marble far too cold to speak his praise.
 On a nobler monument his virtues
 Shall be graven,—on many a swelling heart,
 Whose sorrows he hath lightened, and made glad.
 On the memory of those his bounty fed—

The faithful servants of his princely hall ;
 Whose gates on all were ever open, as
 Their master's heart—on rich and poor, whose lot
 Was cast beneath the influence of his ray,
 It is in such bereavement that the curse
 Entailed by our first parents' fall, is felt
 In all its bitterness. Then death, indeed,
 Is a calamity, when virtue mourns,
 And gratitude is drowned in tears !

THE BED OF DEATH.

HAVE ye ne'er marked the silent tear
 Stealing down affection's cheek,
 Ne'er seen that look of anxious fear,
 In all its voiceless anguish speak,
 As o'er her loved one's couch she hung ?
 Though hopeless, still to hope she clung.

And while she mourned the sad decay,
 The mother in her breast would move ;
 Her streaming eyes would turn away,
 And rest upon their pledge of love,
 As, all unconscious of her fears,
 It wept to see a mother's tears.

Have ye not marked the dull, glazed eye,
 The pallid cheek, and wasted form,
 The troubled breath, and deep-drawn sigh,
 The hue of death already worn
 By some young spirit, linked with thine
 In bonds which youth and friendship twine ?

Ye saw him waste by slow decay,
 Upheld by hope's delusive train;
 Friendship and love invoked his stay,
 But all their lures were idly vain—
 He sunk as peacefully to rest,
 As the lulled babe upon the breast.

Have ye looked on this scene unmoved,
 And careless joined the sable train,
 Beheld the form, that once ye loved,
 Returned, as dust, to dust again—
 Have ye seen this with tearless eye,
 Nor thought it would be your's to die?

THE POWER OF RHYME.

LISTEN, O! ye tuneful Nine,
 To a minor bard of Tyne—
 Let me not invoke in vain—
 Send the lowliest of your train.
 A draught inspiring let her bring
 From the Heliconian spring—
 Send her with a flowing shell,
 From that ever-springing well,
 Such as Homer drank of yore—
 Virgil drained, and proved its power—
 Such as was to Milton given,
 When he sung the loss of Heaven—
 Such as Avon's peerless bard
 Quaffed, and gave a rich reward—
 Such as Byron loved to sip,
 And have it ever at his lip—
 Such as made your favourite Burns,

The grave, the satyrist, by turns.
 For such a draught—but half a cup—
 The victor's laurels I'd give up—
 Wealth and power I'd freely give,
 In your smiles, ye Fair, to live.

And now, the invocation ended,
 With little good, I fear, attended,
 Proceed we, on our uninspired way,
 The use and charms of rhyming to display—
 And I'm convinced, though not prepared to prove,
 That the first rhymer was a wight in love.
 That passion seems peculiarly to claim
 The aid and homage of the poet's vein.
 No other form of language could bestow
 On thoughts or vows of love so sweet a glow.
 How smoothly do the numbers run,
 When the fair are to be won—
 Vows prevail with double force,
 Clothed in fervent, flowing verse—
 Then the might of love is seen ;
 The power inspiring and the theme.
 But still a nobler sound has struck the lyre,
 And higher thoughts the patriot bard inspire,
 When glorious liberty, of heavenly birth,
 Demands a song to celebrate her worth.
 O'er tyranny, with self-debasing train,
 He fearless pours the spirit-stirring strain—
 Gives to some Bruce a passport to the soul,
 Or sounds the gathering of some brave Tyrol—
 Around her flag each noble soul he draws,
 And is himself a host in freedom's cause.
 Nor are the charms of poesy less seen,
 In friendship's hallowed, milder beam.
 What would be the flowing bowl,
 But a form without a soul,

'Rest of the enlivening song,
 Caroled by some joyous tongue?
 Then does the lightened heart declare
 The muse the greatest foe of care.
 If the descriptive powers of rhyme we shew,
 A boundless prospect opens to the view.
 'Tis here, indeed, with truth, and here alone,
 That nature's image is reflected shown
 From the broad ocean to the murmuring rill,
 The fertile valley, or the heath-clad hill,
 The fruitful garden, or the desert drear;
 Each season compassed by the circling year,
 Their beauty, order, and design we trace,
 Each warm, transplanted, in poetic grace.
 Could Nature speak, she'd own the picture fair,
 And yield the bays the poet loves to wear.
 But last, not least, in the inspiring throng,
 Religion, too, has had her sacred song—
 Her David, Watts, her Doddridge, and her Young.
 Their piety appears in such alluring guise,
 As well might tempt the grovelling soul to rise—
 They have such beauty to the worship given,
 As brings our thoughts in unison with Heaven—
 Loosens the hold of earthly joys and time—
 Prepares our spirits for a happier clime—
 And gives a foretaste of the sweet employ
 In yon bright world of bliss without alloy.

NATURE AND ART.

WHAT are the boasted works of Art in stone?
 A few short years sweep by, and they are gone;
 No sooner are they fashioned into life,
 Than Time and they commence unequal strife--

Their strength and beauty own his powerful sway—
 They but appear, then hasten to decay.
 But as from chaos, so is Nature still,
 The blooming vale, “the heaven-kissing hill,”
 The waving forests, and the swelling floods,
 Teeming with all their varied wond’rous broods,
 With these compared (the meanest of the breed)
 The proudest work of Art is poor indeed.
 Can Painting, in the zenith of its power,
 Vie with the lustre of the opening flower—
 Or can the chastest landscape ever seen
 Compare with Nature decked in living green?
 Ah, no! ’tis poverty where’er we turn,
 The sculptor copying the human form.
 Whate’er the subject, through the wide creation,
 The noblest efforts are but imitation.

If Art has every charm to Music given,
 Say, do the angels sing by notes in Heaven?
 Have they been taught the mysteries of the art,
 By some celestial Handel or Mozart?
 Are trills and quavers (sounds which murder sense)
 The cause of their celestial excellence?
 Or do the feathered warblers of the tree,
 With all their richly-varied harmony,
 Their sweet melodious songs—do they impart
 That perfect music is confined to Art?
 Ah, no! the united grove combine to prove,
 If Nature be excelled, it is above.

Say, what can Art produce so dread sublime,
 (With all her laurels culled from every clime),
 As the wild elements, when tempest driven—
 The thunder’s pealing through the vaults of Heaven—
 What like the monarch of the forest’s roar,
 Or the loud surge’s dashing on the shore?

Can war with all its pomp and vengeful brood
 Of mortars, guns, and engines, steeped in blood—
 Can they of grand or beautiful impart
 One thought that's worthy of the human heart?

SEDUCTION.

THERE are in this valley of sun-light and gloom
 Flow'rs that are blighted while yet in their bloom—
 Blossoms of hope, from their stems rudely torn,
 While yet in the dews and the blushes of morn.

They are crushed in their beauty as heaven-ward they spring;
 They fall like the poor wounded bird on the wing;
 When the death-dealing tube in his elements roars,
 His bright plumage is stained as he buoyantly soars.

There are on this ocean of calm and of storm
 The fairest of beings in feature and form,
 Who crave in their breathings, at midnight and noon,
 The grave as a hiding-place, death as a boon.

For it is not alone to the guilt-laden breast
 That life is a burthen and death would be rest—
 There are bosoms as spotless as mortal may be,
 Who long from this false-hearted world to be free.

They come in the splendour of beauty arrayed,
 All is light in their path-way—no sorrow, no shade—
 So rich and so varied the treasures they blend,
 To the court or the cottage a lustre they lend.

Our pleasures are sweet when those pleasures they share,
 They soothe us in sickness, in sorrow, and care—
 Physicians they are whose sweet med'cinal smile,
 In the absence of riches and health can beguile.

Religion more lovely appears in their light,
 And the service of Heaven yields a purer delight,
 Enshrined in their virtue, how bright they appear,
 Like spirits of light from some holier sphere.

But robbed of that jewel, how changed is the scene!—
 That young heart is bursting—once calm and serene—
 The smile is exchanged for the tear and the groan,
 And reason scarce holds on her tottering throne.

For the libertine came, with his basilisk gaze—
 And innocence sunk in the deep-woven maze.
 He flies from the wreck that his falsehood has made—
 And the pride of creation in ruins is laid.

The felon may shelter his shame in the grave,
 And the mariner rest from his toils in the wave—
 But she, the forsaken, the lost, and forlorn,
 Is doomed to live on, in reproach and in scorn.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

PURE happiness! sweet maid of heavenly birth,
 Say, if thou art a dweller upon earth;
 Where shall we seek—where may thy dwelling be—
 Art thou a fleeting vision, or reality—
 Thou, who hast held o'er man unbounded sway
 Since the first dawning of the first young day—

Whom all pursue, in every age and clime,
 Whose reign began but with the birth of time,
 When the dense night of chaos backward curled,
 And gave to new born light the infant world.
 When Nature's Architect, supreme in might,
 Gave the first impulse to the orbs of light—
 When the fresh stars, in radiant splendour shone,
 And the young god of day assumed his throne—
 The oceans fled within their rock-bound shores,
 And teeming nature 'gan to pour her stores—
 'Twas then the first fair denizens of earth,
 In search of thee, gave human misery birth;
 And since that hour, so fraught with every woe,
 The spark once struck has never ceased to glow.
 Down with the curse the restless passion rolled,
 And many a tale of blighted hope has told.
 Each age and sex within its influence drawn,
 In childhood, reason's twilight ere the dawn,
 The chase commences—with infantile joy—
 We grasp the phantom in some gilded toy.
 The buoyant school-boy next with ardour courts
 Thy form in holidays and youthful sports.
 Then enters that complex machine, maturer man—
 In his pursuit how varied is the plan.
 Each paints his idol in a different hue—
 Each has his heaven of happiness in view.
 The miser doats upon his hoarded store,
 And feasts his soul as oft he counts it o'er;
 Yet this embittering thought will haunt his mind,
 That he must die and leave his god behind.
 The anxious merchant, after years of care,
 His toil successful and his prospects fair,
 While his strained sight devours the wished-for land,
 Is thrown, shipwrecked and ruined, on the strand;
 Or should he reach again his much-loved home,
 'Tis but to find his friends and kindred gone.

The soldier seeks on the embattled plain
 A chaplet dyed with many a crimson stain—
 While his proud country hails her valiant son,
 He grieves that laurels are so dearly won.
 The crafty statesman longs to grasp at power—
 He has his wish—a brief and thankless hour.
 The plodding tradesman does not thus aspire—
 He aims to make his fortune, then retire ;
 His end attained, he owns strong habit's power,
 He'd rather still be active, bustling—still be poor.
 Thus we pursue thee, as some distant good,
 Which all have sought—how few have understood !
 To reach and grasp thee has for ages been
 Man's midnight musing and his mid-day dream—
 But shadow-like, now in advance—now past—
 Still within reach, yet still eludes the grasp.
 Yet there are moments, "few and far between,"
 When passion's hushed, and all within serene,
 Yielding a brief, short-lived, but sweet control,
 To all the nobler feelings of the soul.
 When in such moments, we are doubly blest,
 With will and power to succour the distressed—
 When sweet religious intercourse with Heaven,
 Bids us forgive, and whispers we're forgiven—
 Then the bright vision, like a meteor ray,
 Or sun-beam piercing through a clouded day,
 Illumes our pathway through this scene of strife,
 And makes us lightly deem the ills of life,
 Fulfil with care our parts by Heaven designed,
 And live in charity with all mankind.
 'Tis but in such a frame we e'er can know
 What 'tis to taste of happiness below.

COMPANY IN DISTRESS.

A GENTLEMAN in town of some repute,
 Who kept his carriage, and a livery'd suite
 To wait his pleasure and obey his call :
 In short, he had the stuff, the wherewithal—
 That salve—a cure for almost every sore,
 That golden key which opens every door.
 Among his two-legged servitors just named,
 A pair there lived, both much and justly famed :—
 A Parrot of that curious talking breed,
 Who could do any thing but write and read,
 With a fat Cook, a sleek and comely lass,
 Most deeply read in Kitchener and Glasse,
 Who thought as highly of her savoury knowledge,
 As any youth that ever quitted college ;
 And much she loved to shew its vast extent,
 In soup and sauce an alderman might tempt ;
 But vain her culinary talents proved,
 For one plain simple treat her master loved—
 A dish of cockles—nicely stewed and drest,
 Which oft were purchas'd at his own request ;
 But that which gives my tale the cast of tragic,
 They always vanished, as it were by magic.
 Her master stormed, the cook stormed too, and swore
 The thief, once caught, should ne'er know comfort more.
 One day, while following her high vocation,
 She heard the sound of heavy mastication,
 And peering round, she in amazement saw
 The Parrot with a cockle 'neath her claw,
 And many of its kindred stewed around.
 Ah ! you vile thief, she cried, at length you're found.
 Back to her fire the Maid in anger flies,
 With glowing cheeks, and fury in her eyes ;
 A ladle full of boiling liquid brings,
 And scalds the feathers from Poll's head and wings.

She screamed, and vented every oath she knew,
 Then kept strict silence for a week or two—
 Until a visitor one morning called,
 A Gentleman, whose head was very bald ;
 Poll, lost in wonder, sat like any sage,
 Perched on the top of her own gilded cage.
 At length she seemed determined how to act,
 Resolved to ascertain some curious fact :
 Quick from her post the Parrot nimbly hopp'd,
 And plump before our visitor she dropp'd,
 Most gravely shook her own poor naked crest,
 And thus the astonished gentleman address'd,
 (As o'er his head her wondering eyes she threw) :
 " Pray, sir, have you been stealing cockles too."

IS WAR A CALAMITY ?

..... Is war calamitous ?
 Strange question from a being who owns a God,
 And hopes for an eternity. Is vice
 Detestable, and virtue to be loved ?
 Is the light precious, and is the sun
 Its second cause ? Is Heaven the seat of bliss,
 And Hell of woe ? If admitted, then war
 Is a calamity.

Inhuman trade, dark, and desolating ;
 Hell-engendered, worthy its potent author,
 The great arch enemy of God and man.
 While the crude atoms, which compose our world,
 Yet slept in chaos, he with his legion
 Forth from their clarions peal'd defiance
 To the Omnipotent. At the dread sound

Hell started into being, and the traitors
 Sank, whelmed, despairing, in the dark abyss.
 Again 'twas heard near Eden's lovely bowers,
 Ere yet the rich and smiling earth, or man,
 Had seen corruption. At the altar's base
 The blood of righteous Abel flow'd around ;
 Then the tempter fled, exulting, to his lair ;
 The infernal bounds rung with loud acclaim,
 And high above the horrid din that reigned,
 Their leader's voice was heard in triumph loud,
 Shouting,—Rejoice, rejoice, be glad, ye powers !
 Man—man has slain his brother. The hound is
 On the track of blood, and ours will be
 The glorious harvest.

Years—ages have roll'd on, and the sanguine thirst
 Remains unquench'd, insatiate, and fierce.
 Man sheds,—the earth drinks up, and vegetation
 Springs with vigour from the saturated soil.
 How oft has day's bright orb beheld the strife
 Of nations and of kindred, as at some
 Tyrant's nod, or urged by fiercer passions,
 They grappled to the death ! How oft have Luna's
 Silvery beams sported unconscious
 O'er a crimson flood ; her mild effulgence lost
 In some kindling city's blaze ; her silence
 Broken by the slumberer's stifled cry,
 Who wakes in agony, to sleep in death !
 In vain is heard the supplicating voice
 Of beauty, infancy, or age. No tie
 Is sacred held. No form too weak, helpless,
 Or too lovely for the spoiler ; for by him
 The hallowed home, the altar, and the pride
 Of art, are trampled under foot ; heart-strings
 Are broken, and the links which closely bind
 Humanity to man, are severed
 Into atoms !

ENGLAND AND PORTUGAL.

.....'Tis well, my country !
 'Twas freedom's call, and nobly hast thou answer'd it.
 England has yet an arm to aid—to save
 The worshippers of free-born liberty.
 Now tremble, tyrant, on thy throne. Let it rock
 To its black foundations—built, as it is,
 On racks and tortures, murder and rapine—
 On the sea of tears shed by the fatherless
 And widows thou hast made—on the cold hearths
 And homes made desolate, of banish'd freemen—
 On blighted, broken hearts—on kindred dear ;
 And on a nation's chains.

Now tremble, for the hour of retribution
 Is at hand—is come ; and suffering mortals
 Now no more endure so vile a reptile.
 Oh ! how his craven heart would quail ; his eyes
 Grow dim ; his recreant blood forget its course ;
 And his foul soul turn sick within him ;
 When the avenger, thundering in his ears,
 Proclaim'd—England is up in arms, and seeks
 Thee as her foe ! Then would his crimes, like spectres,
 Flit through his fever'd brain—the spirits of
 Riego and his murder'd band hang heavy
 On his soul, and, exulting, shout—despair—
 Despair—thy hour is come !

On then, my country !—on in Heaven's name !
 What hast thou to fear—what foes to combat,
 But tyranny and slaves ? And since the gage
 Of liberty is thrown, cast thy ready,
 All-protecting arms round struggling Greece—round all
 Who shake their fetters off, and would be free.
 Should tyrants league, why let them come ; and from

Her chalky cliffs, Albion's sons shall wave
 The flag of liberty—" laugh them to scorn"—
 And cry, England against the world in arms!
 In freedom's cause, not all the despots that curse
 The earth—those vile excrescences—the scourge
 Of nations, with all the crouching myriads
 Who hug their chains (unworthy of the air
 They breathe because 'tis free); not all combined
 Could of the treasure rob us—our birth-right—
 Heaven-born Liberty!

Fixed in each Briton's heart this firm decree—
 We live as freemen, or we perish free!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

THERE is an amulet of sov'reign power,
 And oh! that it were mine to wear it,
 It would illumine my darkest hour,
 And nothing from my breast could tear it.
 If ye her first affections move,
 What is there clings like woman's love?

If wealth surrounds your happy home,
 She shines the brightest jewel there;
 If poor, or exiled doom'd to roam,
 Her virtues then will all appear—
 For adverse fate but tends to prove
 The strength and power of woman's love.

The prince more lightly wears his crown,
 The peasant bears his load of woes
 Content, if, when the sun goes down,
 On some fond breast they may repose,
 Unbosom all their griefs, and prove
 The balmy sweets of woman's love.

Should'st thou, forgetful of thy vow,
 Pour on that love neglect and scorn ;
 With smiles she decks her burning brow
 In hopes her truant may return—
 Her firm allegiance nought can move,
 If she has sworn to thee, I love.

The world may all its hate distil,
 And malice hurl the envenom'd dart ;
 Blest, if thou art a sovereign still,
 Thy throne a woman's faithful heart—
 If aught can lift the soul above
 Despair or fear, 'tis woman's love.

Of all the gifts which bounteous Heaven
 Has shower'd upon the ingrate man,
 This sweetener to his cup was given,
 The brightest link in mercy's plan—
 If aught beneath the sun may prove
 A heaven on earth, 'tis woman's love.

ON THE FINAL CLOSE

OF THE

NORTHUMBRIAN SOCIAL SOCIETY.

FAREWELL, then, for ever ! for ever farewell,
 To the name once possessing a charm and a spell :
 It is gone—and the last sigh, to charity given,*
 Was borne on her wings to the portals of Heaven.

* The remaining funds were given to the Lying-in-Hospital in this town.

It is quenched—and the days of its splendour are o'er,
 And the pleasures it yielded returning no more—
 "THE TEMPLE," once filled with the radiance of noon,
 Is silent and cheerless, and dark as the tomb.

Where now is the wit, with its flashes so bright,
 That, in glancing around, met an answering light?
 And where is the song, in its pathos and power,
 Giving zest to the wine-cup, and wings to the hour?

And where is the mirth, or the heart-moving tale,
 That came o'er our souls like the scent on the gale?
 And where are the hearts that responded so true?
 They are scattered—they live but in memory now.

How fondly remembered the days that are past,
 When, spite of the storm, or the rude winter's blast,
 I have sped to the board, now deserted and drear,
 Once studded with Genius, as stars in the sphere.

Shall the pulse of my bosom ne'er echo again
 To the chorus of mirth, or the soul-thrilling strain?
 Shall the FELON no more his deep sorrows impart,
 Nor the wail of the EXILE vibrate to the heart?

Yes, the chorus may rise o'er the friend-knitting bowl,
 And the master may strike on the chords of the soul—
 But where, on this earth, shall a band e'er be found
 With such hearts to respond or awaken the sound!

Now the spell and the charm they are broken at last,
 They have fled like a dream to the "HALL OF THE PAST"—
 The tide that could bathe us in tears, or could burn,
 Has ebbed to its ocean, no more to return.

Yet think not NORTHUMBRIANS can ever forget
 Their day-star of friendship, though now it has set—
 Though severed for ever the links of the chain,
 In the core of their hearts they will cherish the name!

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO THE CORINTHIAN SOCIETY,

On closing for the Season, Whit-Monday, June 4, 1827.

Now fare ye weel, ye friends sae dear,
 That round my heart entwine!
 Fareweel! until the circling year
 Shall bring our gathering time.

The smile that beams on ilka brow,
 Lang may it there appear,
 And ne'er be chased by shade of woe,
 Till we again meet here.

Should the dull hours that intervene
 Seem lang and weary time—
 We'll meet, and in some social scene
 We'll talk ower *auld lang syne*:

Or, should the bitter storm of fate
 Assail ane o' this band,
 I ken fu' weel ye'll no' be blate
 To stretch a frien'ly hand.

Ye'll rally round that name sae dear,
 In sickness, want, or woe;
 Ye'll smooth his pillow, drap a tear,
 And cause his heart to glow.

The name Corinthian is a spell—
 A charm which ne'er can fail—
 And each Corinthian's bosom swell
 That sound shall ever hail.

The hours of joy we've tasted here,
 While mirth around us played ;
 They to our memories shall be dear,
 Till 'neath the sod we're laid.

Then fare ye weel! an' joy be yours,
 Wi' health an' length o' days ;
 May sweet content on a' your hours,
 Still shed its cheering rays !

Now fare ye weel, ye friends sae dear,
 That round my heart entwine !
 Fareweel ! until the circling year
 Shall bring our gathering time.

TO THE SAME,

On re-opening for the Season, August 29th, 1827.

ANOTHER year has run its round
 Of hopes and pleasures, care and pain ;
 Each ardent wish at length is crowned—
 Corinthian spirits meet again :
 Again their votive offerings bring,
 Welcome as the flowers of spring.

What, though time has rolled along,
 The moments have not sped in vain ;
 Hark ! the Corinthian's choral song,
 Echoes to this roof again :
 Again at Friendship's fount they lave,
 And mingle o'er the purple wave.

Know ye with what intense delight,
 While wrapt in Ocean's starless gloom,
 The seaman hails the beacon light—
 His pilot from a watery tomb :
 While yet the hour was distant far,
 We hailed with joy our Polar Star !

The lily and the rose may shed
 Their sweets at noon—at evening die ;
 Each beauteous flower may droop its head,
 And Flora's pride all withering lie ;
 Still as they fall our joys shall bloom,
 And yield each sense more sweet perfume.

When hushed the grateful harvest home,
 And Autumn's spoils bestrew the ground ;
 When Winter's chilling hand has thrown
 Her icy mantle all around ;
 Then begins our joyous spring,
 Closer then each heart will cling.

Welcome then ye faithful few,—
 Welcome round the festive shrine ;
 A chaplet shall entwine each brow,
 In wreaths of song, of love, and wine :
 Song to chase the phantom care,
 Love and wine to pledge the fair.

Hither then your offerings bring,
 The plaintive or the jocund strain ;
 Friendship o'er your rites shall fling—
 The charm of life, the mystic chain :
 In links of such enduring form,
 They shall remain unbroke, unworn.

TO THE SAME.

Dec. 27, 1827.

AWAKE, my lone muse, from thy slumber up springing,
 To their hall and their wassail Corinthians throng—
 To the portals of thought see fond memory bringing
 The hour they first welcomed thy tribute of song.

Breathe once again, and if ingrate thou art not,
 Let the sound be of friendship, of honour, of trust ;
 And see that the thought from thy memory part not,
 Till thy harp-strings are broken, thy bard's in the dust.

It is not from our moments of pleasure and fleetness
 That the warmest, the purest emotions may come—
 There exhales from the cup of affliction a sweetness,
 When joy and " the voice of our gladness is dumb."

The grave is yet green where the lone one is lying :
 To shield the forsaken how kindly ye strove—
 The fatherless wanderer bless'd ye, when dying,
 And the deed was enroll'd in the records above.

The balmy remembrance, your sorrows shall lighten,
 When the page of the past ye are called to review,
 This soul-cheering ray the dark moments shall brighten,
 When life, love, and friendship, are fading from view.

But banish the thought ; let no shadow of sorrow
 On our horizon rise in this season of bliss,
 And yet from the hour that is past we may borrow
 A gleam that will heighten the sunshine of this.

Then pledge me the bonds that no power can sever—
 Since the wine cup and grave are so nearly allied—
 Here's the heart that partakes of our joys, and that never,
 By fortune's reverse, can be torn from our side.

TO THE SAME,

On closing for the Season, Whit-Tuesday, May 27, 1828.

THERE is a word, a mournful sound,
 Whose echo from the bosom springs ;
 It severs hearts, though firmly bound—
 Tears to beauty's eye it brings ;
 Nigh to bursting hearts will swell,
 When they hear that word—farewell !

The tyrant yields his diadem,
 The miser quits his glittering store ;
 But Heaven would be no Heaven to them,
 Reft of their idols, gold, and power ;
 Those iron hearts (cold, cheerless cells),
 How loth to frame their dread farewells !

But, see on his loved country's altar,
 The hero bleeding, calmly lie ;
 Hear his dying accents falter,
 " 'Tis my country's conquering cry !"
 His bosom heaves one last proud swell
 To laurels, life, and home—farewell !

With early friends, our childhood's mates,
 (When swiftly sped the wheels of time)
 Though varied tempers, forms, and fates,
 Yet still around our hearts they twine !
 With them we've roved o'er moor and fell,
 'Tis hard with these to say—farewell !

And him whose breast to thee was bare,
 Its every inmost thought revealed ;
 Thy image seemed engraven there,
 Thy virtues blazed, thy faults concealed ;
 Say, hast thou heard his funeral knell—
 His pale parched lips bid thee—farewell ?

When from this circle I depart,
 I quit the early friends I gained ;
 I leave the generous open heart,
 Aye, and a crown, for I have reigned
 O'er those whom love, not fear, could quell,
 To whom I ne'er would say—farewell !

The time will come, it must be so ;
 Yet ere I quit this cherish'd scene,
 Assure my heart before I go
 To rest beneath my shroud of green,
 Your thoughts will sometimes stray and dwell
 On him who bids ye now—farewell !

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